

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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NUMBER 32

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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as second class matter.

"SKIP"

It was a rainy afternoon in Spring; Daisy Willing was tired of the weather, and tired of the big store in which she worked. It was one long year since at the instigation of Violet Dresser she had left the country and came to the city. Violet had preceded her by six months, and had a gift for glowing description. Daisy had started work in the Bon Ton store at six dollars a week; now, a year later, she was getting eight.

On this rainy day she had definite reasons for being unhappy. Violet Dresser, who had been her only real friend in the store, had just gone away to be married and to live in the West. Mrs. Montgomery, who kept the boarding-house where Violet and Daisy had lived comfortably, was going to sell out to a woman who did not promise to be an agreeable landlady. Miss Kip, the head of the stationery department, with whom Daisy had made it her end and aim to get along well, had been so sharp and exacting that there was no pleasing her. And last, but by no means least, she had been disappointed in a cherished hope; a position for which she had applied in the Vanniman Book & Stationery Company's store at home, had called for more experience than she had.

She had hoped for that position—she had not admitted how much until she had found that she could not have it. She wanted to be back among the old friends who loved her. She wanted to be back in the plain old house, at the plain little table, where the things to eat were always so good. She wanted to breathe the clean air, to wake up in the morning to some other sounds than those of a roaring elevated road. She wanted to see big farm teams, and smell lilacs and apple-blossoms. And, oh, she did not even dare to think how much she wanted her mother!

Marie Sayles came up behind her. "Say, Daisy, look at this," said Miss Sayles.

Marie "banged" her light hair in front and wore large puffs behind; she had big, hard, china-blue eyes, and a complexion that was unvaryingly pink. She wore several large rings on her fingers, and she chewed gum.

She held up a sheet of paper, on which was a crude caricature of a woman with sharp features, cork-creased curls and huge spectacles, with a parrot on a perch beside her and a cat on her shoulder. Under it appeared the inevitable legend, "Old Maid," and four lines of doggerel about gimlet eyes and vinegar smiles, cups of tea and coquettish wiles. It was the usual vulgar and imbecile "comic" valentine, but Daisy instantly recognized in the picture a ludicrous resemblance to Miss Kip, the sharp featured department head.

Marie laughed. "Say, ain't it Skip to the life? I found it in a lot of left-over valentines at a shop out our way. She's got a birthday to-morrow—she told Laura Arms so—what do you think of that?—and we're going to send it to her."

Daisy had not worked a year beside girls of the type of Marie without knowing what to expect of them. She knew exactly what Marie would say and do, if she should show now the shrinking she felt at the bad taste and meanness of the plan. There would be a flash of anger, a sneer, and subsequent hostility.

"Oh," Daisy said, "do you mean Miss Kip? It does look a little like her, after all, she isn't old, and she doesn't wear curls or keep a parrot. She's peppery, not vinegary, and she never did a coquettish thing in her life."

Marie showed that she was disconcerted. Daisy made the mistake of trying to improve upon her efforts, and said, "What trash those things are, aren't they?"

"Aw," said Marie, "you're trying to keep me from sending it, ain't you? I suppose you think it ain't just nice?"

"It seems unkind," Daisy ventured.

"Humph!" Marie folded the valentine. "Ain't Skip the meanest thing that ever bossed anybody and spent her time rubbing it in? Ain't she rubbed it into you?"

"Yes, but she'll know where it

came from, and it will hurt her terribly, and—"

"Of course she'll know where it comes from. But she won't dare say a word, for, first, she can't prove it, and, second, she'd be ashamed. I guess we'll send it."

While Daisy tried to think of some argument that would influence Marie, a sharp voice suddenly broke in upon the girls.

"Haven't you two anything to do that you should stand there talking?" Miss Kip herself had come up behind them. "I told you to mark that new stock, Miss Willing. Do you think light trade makes you a lady of leisure? Miss Sayles, why aren't you dusting those samples Jim brought in?"

Daisy glanced at the valentine, folded in Marie's hand. She thought Miss Kip could hardly have seen it, and she sighed with momentary relief. She met Marie's eye, and saw the other girl give the faintest flicker of a wink as she turned away.

When the employees were leaving the store at closing-time, Marie caught Daisy's arm and dragged her to the mail box at the corner.

"Hold your bumbershoot over me, that's a love!" she cried. "I've got to mail this letter."

She held up the envelope for Daisy to see. It was addressed to: Miss Jane Kip, 42 Lakeside Parkway, City.

"It'll be delivered in the morning. Skip'll get it when she gets home to-morrow night." Marie dropped the envelope into the box.

In the morning, Daisy was awakened early by someone in the house, who rapped loudly on her door and pushed under it a telegram. Daisy tore open the night message with fingers that trembled, and read:

Can you come at once? If so, will pay ten dollars to start. Edward Vanniman.

It was so utterly unexpected, so entirely what she had longed for, that Daisy burst into tears. Mr. Vanniman meant to give her a chance! And ten dollars a week! It was almost incredible.

After breakfast she hurried off happily to the store.

Miss Kip was always early; Daisy meant to break the news to her at once and ask to be released promptly. She entered the store and hastened down through the long aisle to the stationery section. Presently she was approaching the chief's little desk, tucked in behind the shelving in a dark corner. Then she found herself looking down upon the bowed head of a woman whose face was buried in her hands; Miss Kip was crying!

Daisy's first thought was of the birthday valentine. But she instantly knew it could not be that. The thing could not have reached her yet, although it was on its way.

"Miss Kip!" she said, softly.

The woman looked up; her face was haggard. Daisy Willing felt a sudden pity for her.

"What do you want?" asked Miss Kip, harshly. "Go away!"

Startled and humiliated, Daisy turned. She would go away; she would leave the store, and she would never go back.

Returning to her boarding-place, she wrote a cold little note to Miss Kip, and then a glowing letter to her mother, and a briefer one to Mr. Vanniman. And after that she packed her trunk.

In the afternoon it occurred to her that she was foolishly and needlessly sacrificing the wages that belonged to her. Four days' pay was due her, and she made up her mind to go back to the store and get in before train-time.

She knew that Miss Kip would be angry and disagreeable, but she meant to face her. She was somewhat surprised when she learned that Miss Kip had gone for the day. Daisy knew that she would have to get her release from Miss Kip before she could get her money, but she was determined not to wait another day. She went at once to Number 42 Lakeside Parkway.

A pleasant-looking, elderly woman answered her ring. Yes, Miss Kip lived there; Miss Kip was her daughter, but she was not yet at home. She would be back at almost any minute; would Miss Willing come in?

Daisy accepted the invitation. The outside door opened directly into the living-room of a tiny, plain

ly furnished flat. Daisy sat down with the knowledge that her hard, angry mood was undergoing a change. She asked whether Miss Kip were ill, that she should leave the store for the afternoon; and the mother, taking this inquiry to mean that the caller had come out of friendly solicitude, took the girl in to her confidence.

"You see," said Mrs. Kip, "I haven't been well for a long time, here in the city, and the doctor says that I must go to the country. And Jane,—that's my daughter,—Jane has worried about me all winter. She's been trying to get a place in some smaller town, so that we could get out of Chicago, and she hasn't found anything that would support us. And she's had disappointment after disappointment." Mrs. Kip sighed wearily.

"Oh," Daisy said, "I'm so sorry!"

Just then she glanced at the table, and there lay an envelope—a long, white envelope, addressed to Miss Jane Kip, 42 Lakeside Parkway, City, in Marine Sayles' hand.

"I guess—I think," Daisy said, "that this shouldn't have come here."

She took up the envelope, and deliberately tore it cross the end. Slipping the enclosed sheet out, she saw at a glance she was right in thinking that it was the valentine. "Yes," added Daisy, "this should not have been sent to the house. It—it has to go back to the store."

She paused. In her bag was the telegram from Edward Vanniman. A sudden idea seized her. There something she could do for Miss Kip, whose distress over her mother she had witnessed—something that was worth doing, even if the cost were heavy.

"I think I'd better not wait," she said, with sudden perturbation. "Please tell Miss Kip that the Vanniman Book & Stationery Company, at Blankton, wants a buyer. She might try them."

Daisy went home and sent a night message to Mr. Vanniman, saying that she could not arrange to come at once, and that she had asked a thoroughly competent woman to apply for the place.

"She needs it—really so much more than I do. I can wait," she said to herself.

She burned a certain piece of cheap print paper in her gas-flame; then she unpacked her trunk, ate a lonely supper, and went to bed.

Miss Kip was not at the store the next day. Daisy wondered a little at her absence, but Mr. Weldon, the floor-manager, said that he had heard from her, and that she was not ill. While Daisy was writing to her mother that evening, a knock came at her door. The visitor was Miss Kip. She put her hands on Daisy's shoulders.

"Miss Willing," she said, "I have been to see Edward Vanniman. He has hired me. And while I was in his office in Blankton he showed me your message in reply to his telegram. You gave up what you believed to be your chance, for me, didn't you?"

Daisy blushed, and her eyes fell. "My mother tells me," Miss Kip went on, "you carried away a letter from her house yesterday, which, you said, never should have been sent. I know what it was. I saw Marie showing it to you before she mailed it. I—I thought you all-hated me. I thought—I thought you helped to send it."

She broke off, and Daisy looked up, to see tears running down her cheeks. Miss Kip was crying again—but not with bitterness.

"But you didn't—I know that now. You don't know what it means to me to find that out. You don't know what it is to feel that you—that you are hated, and not to know—how to make people—understand—that other people are human, too, like themselves."

Her hands shook Daisy's shoulders slightly; her feeling was too deep for words.

"But you dear, unselfish child—I've got news for you, too!" she cried, suddenly. "Mr. Vanniman did need a buyer with experience; but he meant in his telegram to offer you a place as clerk. You didn't understand, did you? He wants you, too! And you are to go with me when I go—if you will, Daisy."

—Youth's Companion.

National Association of the Deaf.

Organized, August 25, 1880.
Incorporated, Feb. 23, 1900.

President, Jay Howard, A. L. Roberts, Minn.
Secretary, Harley D. Drake, Kan.
Treasurer, Walter Glover, S. C. W. L. Waters, Cal.

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[OFFICIAL.]

DE L'EPÉE MEMORIAL STATUE.

REPORT NO. 6.

Previously acknowledged in the JOURNAL of July 23, 1914. \$417 46

The following lists received from J. E. Gallaher, State Agent for Illinois, June 19, 1914. Grand total \$409.85. Collected by Florian Cleys from boys and men of Illinois School for the Deaf, Jacksonville, Ill., under supervision of Mrs. A. J. Sullivan, \$21.54.

C. P. Gillett 1 00

D. W. George 1 00

P. E. Cleys 50

The Young American Literary Society 5 00

Robt. Sanford Burns 25

Fred August Degenre 25

Wm. A. Eskew 25

Daniel N. Taylor 25

Wm. Claude McSpain 25

Ralph Adams 10

Veral Smith 25

Ray D. Lowry 25

Claude League 25

John F. Miller 10

Frank E. Friday 10

E. C. Dolbon 10

E. E. Rogers 10

W. Prettyman 10

W. Crockett 10

Gillie Hambleton 10

John H. Dolbs 10

Lawrence Newton 10

Lloyd Bowman 10

Mrs. A. J. Sullivan 1 00

Geo. H. Putnam 50

Spray 50

Maude Camp 1 00

John Geo. Otto 1 00

Wm. Macy Brents 1 00

F. H. Cogswell 25

Annie W. Jackson 25

M. D. M. Brown 25

Edith Jones 25

Elroy K. Kennedy 25

R. Wyckoff 25

Margaret Byrns 25

M. Sheridan 25

M. Russell 25

Mrs. Jennie F. Devitt 25

Miss S. F. Wood 25

Miss Amanda Davis 25

Miss L. Sheridan 25

Miss E. Wyckoff 25

Miss M. D. Carter 25

Harry Chas. Friday 25

Earl Shaffer 10

Harry Lohmeier 10

Edith Jones 10

C. Upham 10

Bertl Fernisch 10

Chas. John 10

Paul T. Abman 10

John P. Manley 10

Forrest R. Peard 10

Wilbur W. Farris 10

Elroy K. Kennedy 10

Ben. Kiesel 10

Kenneth Munger 10

Ben. H. Carter 10

Cecil L. Malady 10

Wm. Henry Riordan 10

Lawrence Pannel 10

Joe B. Crumley 10

Leon J. Delbert 10

Robert Pipkin 10

Fred Paschen 10

Mark Stelebeton 10

Lydia A. Teague 10

Miss King 10

Miss Alice Colburn 10

Miss Gertrude Young 10

Miss Josephine Avondins 10

Miss Pauline Jones 10

Asa Stutsman 10

Fred Friday 10

Raymond Montgomery 10

Lester Hagenave 10

LeRoy Graves 10

Carl Eckberg 10

Peter Berletich 10

Willie Willis 10

Nelwyn Speers 10

Ben Yearwood 10

Ann Schaeffer 10

Paul Seymour 10

H. A. Molochou 10

Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Snyder 10

Joseph Solomon 10

E. F. Cleary 1 00

J. E. Gallaher, State Agent for Ill., Collected by Marie Deja from girls and women of Ill. School for the Deaf, under supervision of Mrs. A. J. Sullivan. \$4.06

Eliza Arnold 10

Minnie Compe 10

The Mutual Improvement Society 2 00

Lottie N. Story 01

W. I. Tilton 25

Marie Deja 10

Pauline Obermiller 10

Ruth Robb 05

Letha Valentine 05

Victoria Guernan 10

Myrtle Ebert 05

Florence Miller 15

Wonneta Otto 05

Ruth Foster 04

Ruth Van Alstine 05

Mattie E. Belli 05

Margaret Morrissey 05

Etta Pottman 05

Edith McDonald 04

Edna Reints 05

Minnie Fowler 01

Madge Winters 01

Ivy G. Holmes 05

Olive Thompson 10

S. L. DePew 10

E. Frank 10

Ruth Elliott 05

Gladys Watts 10

Mary Wagoner 10

Following list rec'd from J. E. Gallaher, State Agent for Illinois. Collected by himself, June 29, 1914. \$48.20

B. F. Frank 25

E. W. Craig 10

H. A. Brimble 10

P. Smith 10

Washington Barrow 25

J. H. Gibney 25

A. O. Cranville 1 00

Geo. Irvine 1 00

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. P. J. Hasenstab 1 00

Dr. and Mrs. G. T. Dougherty 1 00

E. M. Rowse 50

C. W. Friday 25

Mr. and Miss Tanzar 1 00

F. Glas 1 00

S. H. Priis 10

H. H. Howard 1 00

W. Borinstein 25

D. R. McDonald 25

Rev. and Mrs. G. F. Plick 1 00

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Gallaher 1 00

F. Hyman 1 00

F. W. Sibitsky 10

H. F. Witte 10

R. A. Schroeder 25

E. Carlson 25

H. R. Hart 1 00

W. A. Zollinger 1 00

Arthur Rink 2 00

G. D. Hyman 1 00

Mrs. Henrietta Lefi 1 00

F. P. Fawcner 1 00

Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, AUGUST 6, 1914.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Ft. Washington Ave.) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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One Copy, one year \$1.00

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M. New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-boldding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

The recent death of one of Brooklyn's prominent and worthy deaf men, Mr. John D. Ziegler, by being struck by a police automobile, emphasizes the necessity of carefulness and watchfulness by the deaf in their comings and goings in our busy, roaring city.

The present age of rapid, and frequently reckless, transit, is equally dangerous for the hearing as for the deaf. The automobiles run rubber shod everywhere on all of the crowded streets. It is true, the law limits the speed, but all too often the chauffeurs do not obey it. In the main, they are as careful as the speed at which they drive will allow. But there are times when the indecisive action of pedestrians puzzles them, and obstructing vehicles balk their endeavors to get safely by without damage or disaster.

When the street pavements are wet, the danger is doubled, because of the liability of the swift-moving cars to skid when a quick deviation from a straight course is attempted. The honk of the auto horn, while it is imperceptible to the deaf is often confusing to those who hear it, mingled as it usually is with the roar of street traffic, which accounts for the greater number of street accidents to the hearing in proportion to the deaf, and it sounds an added warning to those of our class who possess a partial sense of hearing.

But the ordinary motor car is not the only thing to be feared. In fact, considering the thousands upon thousands speeding through the streets every minute, the small number of accidents is surprising.

There have been two accidents to deaf-mutes in Brooklyn during recent years, one of them fatal, and both have been caused by municipal automobiles—one by the fire department patrol and the other by the police patrol car.

While it is possible to rely with reasonable security upon automobile and street cars running on the proper side of the street, nevertheless perfect safety is never assured. Street cars sometimes are obliged by a blockade to run on the wrong track. And the Fire, Police, and Ambulance autos are in emergency given the right of way as well as the right of extra speed.

The only safe way—if there be an absolutely safe way—is to look both ways and on all sides, when about to cross a street, and then get across as quickly as possible.

THE great and complicated war situation in Europe seems to forecast disaster of unparalleled magnitude. Incidentally, it will be decidedly uncomfortable to the deaf and several of their close friends now in Europe, as the possibilities of return to the United States are all against them. The deaf now abroad, who have planned to get home during the latter part of this month or in September, include: Prof. J. A. McIlvaine of

the Philadelphia Institution; Mr. and Mrs. Frederick R. Stryker, of New York; Mr. William Lipgens, of New Jersey; Mrs. Grutzmacher, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; two sisters of Mr. Moses Heyman; and, we believe, Rev. Arthur H. Judge, Rector of St. Matthew's Church of which St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes is a Chapel.

NEXT YEAR.

That San Francisco is well equipped to care for the multitudes that will be attracted to the Panama Pacific International Exposition next year is shown by the following figures. By official tabulation, there are over 1,222 hotels and rooming houses. These with about 515 apartment houses represent total of over 80,000 rooms, with accommodations for over 150,000 guests at any one time. There are more than 150 hotels and apartment houses now in the process of construction which will be completed before the Exposition opens. These will mean an increase of more than 3,000 rooms. In addition to all these, there will be hundreds of flats and rooms obtainable in private residences. Fully 98 percent of the city hotels and apartment houses have been built within the last seven years and are nearly all thoroughly modern and up-to-date.

With the purpose of making it as easy as possible for prospective visitors to secure accommodations at guaranteed rates, the hotel men of the city have incorporated the San Francisco Hotel Bureau. So far, the membership includes over 300 hotels, rooming and apartment houses, which represent some 50,000 rooms. There are no fees or other charges connected with the making of reservations through this Building, Kearney and Market Streets.

During the first weeks of October, 1915, there will be held the first World's Insurance Congress. Representatives from more than 200 great insurance organizations and societies will get together to discuss accident and fire prevention and health conservation. This will be the first time in history that delegates, representing the accident, fire, marine, employers' liability, industrial surety, health, and other lines of insurance from the whole world will fraternize.

Is there anything we could do to take advantage of this occasion toward eliminating the unjust discrimination toward the deaf by insurance companies?

The latest innovation which will be at the service of the thousands that come to the Exposition, is the human Lost and Found Department. It will consist of a central registration bureau in communication with thirty odd telephone stations about the grounds and with all outside stations on the Pacific Coast. The purpose of the department will be to eliminate the confused searching for friends and relatives that is always a concomitant of great gathering where people are sure to be separated, and many children lost. It will also be an efficient means of getting in touch from the outside with persons who are visiting the grounds and who would not be otherwise reachable. And through the registration bureau, any one on the grounds will be able to register a message for some one, who is expected at the Exposition later. In this way the visitor will be able to ascertain where he is expected to meet his friend or relative who has preceded him.

As all know, we Americans have been shown by statistics to be the greatest of "sweet toothers." Among the hundreds of conventions will be that of the National Confectioners Association, and at the Palace of Food Products will be an elaborate display of the confectioner's art. This exhibition will contain everything pertaining to the industry, from the production of raw materials to the most elaborate finished product. So here will be the opportunity open to all who would "know everything" about the beloved bon-bon, or one's own particular pet of the thousand and one productions of this "sugar science." Say, what's wrong with the idea of a deaf confectioner?

WILFREY MITCHELL,
Member Local Publicity Committee
N. A. D.

Fake Mute in Cell.

Walter Lloyd, 34 years old, 9647 Euclid Avenue, who represented himself as a deaf-mute, selling postcards on the representation that he was unable to earn his living, went to the home of Miss Mary McCowen, West Sixty-eighth Street and Stewart Avenue, a teacher of the sign language. Miss McCowen attempted to talk with him by means of the sign language. When he was unable to do so she called the police of the Englewood Station and had him arrested. When he was arraigned before Municipal Judge Graham in the Englewood Court, to-day, he was fined \$100 and costs. The police learned that Lloyd could talk Sunday night, when he asked the lockup keeper for a glass of water.—Chicago Post, July 27th.

THE ORDER OF SIGNS

The old discussion about the order in which it is best to use the sign-language has bobbed up again. Opinions vary. Each side presents what it considers unanswerable arguments. Possibly no one is convinced, no one changes his views. It would seem that the argument is profitless. But it furnishes a good space filler for the editors of the school papers, and therefore we welcome it when we are at loss for copy.

Language is not a natural, but an acquired, virtue, or vice, of the human race. We are born into the world with no language at all. The language we learn and its order depend upon the place where we are born. It is several months before the infant utters even the "Goo goo" or "Da da" that the fond mother so readily translates into anything she wishes to understand. There are varying languages and varying orders. If language is not natural, how can there be a natural order?

Because one language happens to follow practically the same order as another, does that detract from its force and clearness as used by the natives? The English language and the French have very much the same order of construction. Is either one the less expressive for that reason? If we choose to make the sign-language follow the English order of construction, why should that detract from its clearness? It is all a matter of training and custom. Those who learn signs in the English order will understand them better and express themselves better that way. Those who learn them in a different order will understand them and use them better in that order.

Inasmuch as it is our aim to teach the English language to the deaf, we believe that it is better to make the sign-language conform to the English order of construction. Deaf children, particularly during the early years of their instruction, are inclined to think in signs and translate their signs-thoughts into English. If their signs-thoughts are in the English order, we think they are more likely to get their English straight than they are if the sign order is inverted and transposed.

We do not favor, and never have favored, a word for word following of English when using signs. But we do favor a following of the English order of thought and construction as far as possible.

The California News argues that if we follow the English order we shall bump into constructions that are difficult or impossible to present clearly in signs, and presents the following sentence as an example:

"There would have been no chance of escape."

It is well to remember at this point that the English language has no fixed order. We invert and transpose at will for the sake of clearness or emphasis. Kipling says, "A fool there was," while ordinarily we should say, "There was a fool," yet both are good and expressive English. Take Gray's well known line,

"The ploughman homeward plods his weary way."

We recollect having seen somewhere the number of possible transpositions of the above that still retained the sense of the original. We have forgotten how many there were, and are too busy to work it out now. It shows how flexible an instrument of thought language is and it may be turned and shaped according to the fancy. There is no reason why the sign-language may not be transposed likewise for the sake of expressiveness and clearness when need arises. Therefore such a sentence as the one quoted by the News should present no difficulty to the expert sign-maker, who would simply turn it into a simpler form still following the English order.

If children are accustomed from the beginning to the use of signs in the English order of thought, they will have no difficulty in understanding them, as they will know no other order. We do not think it is the best policy to teach the pupils the English language in one order in the schoolroom and have them use the sign-language in a different order outside. If the two are to work together, make them work in double harness instead of pulling in different directions.—Dr. James L. Smith.

Baltimore Methodist Deaf-Mute Mission.

Rev. D. E. Moylan, Pastor, 740 W. Fayette Street.
Rev. J. A. Branfick, Assistant, 2704 Bernard Street.

Servants at Christ M. E. Church for the Deaf, Pierce Street, corner of Schroeder Street, every Sunday at 9:30 p.m. Sunday School at 2:30 p.m. Week-day meetings every Thursday evening at eight o'clock, except during July and August. Holy Communion first Sunday each month. Everybody welcome.

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New England Items.

Mrs. Margaret Syle, the Parish Visitor of All Souls' Church, of Philadelphia, and Miss Emma Atkinson, teacher at the Hartford, Ct., School for the Deaf, have arranged to meet the people at the coming Convention of the New England Gallaudet Association of the Deaf in Portsmouth, N. H., September 6th, 7th and 8th.

Lay Missionary E. W. Frisbee, who has been suffering from a sprained shoulder by a fall last June, at the Gallaudet Reunion in Washington, D. C., cancelled his appointments during July and August.

Rev. George H. Hefflon left Boston last Sunday for a service in Pittsfield, Mass., and the following day he went to Buffalo to spend a month with his relatives. He is expected to conduct services Sunday, September 6th, in the Parish House of Christ Church, Portsmouth, N. H.

William F. Slocum, an inmate of the New England Home, is on the dangerous list at the Hospital in Boston.

SAVED FROM DEATH.

DENTON Tex., July 16.—The almost incredible quickness of thought and action on the part of young Hooper aged 19, and Herman Gough, another deaf boy, in the midst of a crowd at the depot momentarily paralyzed by the imminence of the danger, prevented what would have been one of the most terrible accidents that ever happened in Denton. Horses to an omnibus became frightened and backed against the crowd of people between it and the moving passenger train. Mrs. S. A. Mantooth, with the baby girl, Margaret Whalley, in her arms, and Miss Ruby Mantooth, aged 12, were shoved beneath the train. The horrified crowd saw the baby roll under the coach and start to crawl back over the rail, with the moving wheels less than two feet away. Young Hooper almost simultaneously dropped to his all-fours beside the train, caught her with both hands and dragged her to safety just as the trucks passed. The steps of the passenger coach struck him on the head and knocked him to the pavement, but he threw the baby out of danger unhurt except for a few bruises. His mute companion, Herman Gough, was also quick to act, and pulled Mrs. Mantooth and her daughter away from their perilous position beside the rails.—Dallas News.

Catarhal Deafness.

Dr. James D. Edwards, of St. Louis, an osteopath, has definitely announced a new cure for deafness, which has been successful in many cases. The cure, the osteopath contends, does away with mechanical devices of every description. A 90 per cent record is claimed in those cases known as chronic catarhal deafness. The course consists of simply inserting the little finger through the throat to open the eustachian tube and removing the obstruction that impairs the hearing. "A little finger with the nail properly trimmed can accomplish far more than even the most delicate surgical instrument," Dr. Edwards says.—St. Louis Record.

WHEN MOLLY SNEED RAN THE GAUNTLET.

Many strange things happened near South Hadley, Massachusetts, during the French and Indian War. The movements of the Indians were so silent and stealthy that the unsuspecting inhabitants often fell into ambush through mere carelessness. Miss Sophie E. Eastman tells in her book, "In Old South Hadley," of a little girl, named Molly Sneed, who was playing a game of tag, when she was snatched by a lurking Indian, and carried away into captivity.

The inhabitants of the Indian village demanded that the child should run the gauntlet. An old Indian who could speak English told her of the ordeal before her, and added, in a whisper, "Sing and dance all the way, and they will not whip you so much."

At the appointed time all the men, women and children faced one another, in two long lines, between which the child must pass. Each held a plant rod with which to strike her as she ran. Molly, singing in her sweetest voice, went dancing gaily down the line, while the Indians stood listening in motionless surprise. One old woman gave her a stinging blow, but she did not interrupt her song for an instant.

Meantime, the Connecticut troops had taken a young Indian girl prisoner, and the governor of that colony offered her in exchange for Molly Sneed. At first the red men would not consent to it; but after a large sum of money had been added the bargain was made, and Molly returned to her home in safety.

The Seattle Observer, of July 16th, is authority for the statement that Thomas P. Clarke, Superintendent of the School for the Deaf, at Vancouver, Wash., will "this month" take unto himself a wife in the person of Miss Mary B. Beattie, matron of the above named school.

Hero Guardians of The Northwest.

It is doubtful if the members of any police organization in the world are required to perform such extraordinary service as the famous Royal Northwest Mounted Police of Canada.

A dramatic account of the wonderful endurance, dauntless courage and unflinching loyalty to duty of these law officers was recently given by Mr. James Oliver Curwood in *Leslie's Weekly*, who says:

The Crusaders of the early days never faced more thrilling undertakings than the modern crusaders of the North—the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, and certainly their tasks were more frequently less dangerous. No fanfare of trumpets accompany the achievements of those 626 heroic men who patrol a country that reaches a thousand miles east and west and twelve hundred miles north and south. Consider for a moment that these Crusaders in real life "police" a country approximately twenty-six times the size of Ohio and that their total fighting strength is numerically smaller than the police force of a single city like Detroit, Buffalo or Cleveland.

And they not only police this vast territory, but they do it well. No journey is too long, no risk too great, for the man of the Royal Mounted. The whaler who commits a murder up on the shore of the Arctic Sea is not too far away from the long arm of the law that reaches a thousand miles. In an American community, if a murderer is at large, scores and hundreds of man-hunters are on his trail. Up in that big frozen world one man is sent out, with these epic words from headquarters ringing in his ears: "Don't come back until you've got your man!"

The Athabasca and Mackenzie River district, a territory that comprises 620,000 square miles, is patrolled by three officers and twenty-five men! In spite of this, no law-breaker in the whole of that territory is safe from capture, for once set upon a trail, a man-hunter of the Royal Mounted forgets distance and becomes a veritable Nemesis.

I met a man 500 miles north of civilization, west of Fort Churchill, who was on the trail of a man-killer. He told me his story one night beside our camp fire, and he spoke of his task as casually as an American officer might speak of serving a warrant on a man in an adjoining county. His name was Barry. It was two months before he got his man, and in those seven months he traveled over 2,000 miles.

"Dollar a day heroes, Rudyard Kipling is said to have called them once; but they don't work for that dollar a day. It's what Lord Strathcona calls 'the spirit.' Money alone could not hire the day's work done. But the Honor Roll inspires it."

There was McCall, for instance, who after one of the most desperate winter journeys ever taken in the far north, wrote down from the edge of the Barrens, and said: I beg to report that our journey to Aberdeen Lake was filled with great danger and misfortune. We were stormbound frequently and temperature fell to sixty-five. Le Barge died at Baker Island. Scott and I pulled in with only two dogs, living on bark and roots for the last hundred miles. It was unfortunate that three of my fingers were frozen, and have been amputated. Is there anything that can beat this for modesty and brevity?

I once talked with a Mission man in the Great Slave Country. He had spent fifteen years in the wild country of the North, and he said to me one evening: In all my experience up here I cannot remember having found a coward. It is wonderful country—a country that breeds MEN. For that reason it is not hard to die. I believe that in those few words he epitomized that "spirit" which I have tried to describe. The day's work is a "man's work"—and only death, and never fear, or cowardice, can stop it.

It was "the spirit" that urged Inspector Fitzgerald and three brave comrades on to their death. In December they left on the patrol from Fort McPherson to Dawson, with three dog teams of five dogs each. On February 28th Corporal Dempster and a relief patrol set out to discover what had happened to them. The old trail in the snow told a part of the story, and Fitzgerald's diary told most of the rest, when the bodies were found late in March.

Fitzgerald and his comrades had lost themselves for a week. Food ran short. There was ample time for them to have turned back. But the spirit of "do or die" urged them on in their search for the trail that was never found, until they entered at last upon the "Roll of Honor" on that day of death on the Big Wind.

Fitzgerald was the last to die. Taylor had shot himself, because he wanted to die quickly and not lingeringly. And Kinney had fought for life until the last and died with a bit of tough moosehide in his mouth. Carter was the third. As Fitzgerald looked down upon the last of the three, who had fought their way down the river with him, and who had showed him,

one after the other, how men of the Northland die, he knew that this time he too had lost.

Foot by foot, he dragged himself to the fire bed, but there was no warm coal there. From his pocket he drew forth a heavy manila envelope. His frozen fingers were too stiff to hold a pencil, so he picked up a charcoal stick, that had burned to a point. With this stick he scrawled on the envelope.

"All money in despatch bag and bank, my clothes, etc., I leave to my dearly beloved mother, Mrs. John Fitzgerald, Halifax. God bless all."—F. J. Fitzgerald, R. N. W. M. P.

Out of the Jaws of Death.

I was travelling down through the Navajo country, writes a reader of *The Companion*. My driver was one of those who had lost everything—almost including his life—in the great San Juan flood of the previous October. One night, as we sat around the camp-fire, he told me his story:

That storm was the worst ever known in southwestern Colorado and northwestern New Mexico. The high-water marks that the flood left are many feet above any that Indian tradition records.

Our adobe house stood on the south bank of the river, where it makes a sharp bend to the west. The La Plata empties into the San Juan just below the bend, and the Animas comes in several miles above. Our house was twenty feet above the river, and two hundred yards from the bank. We felt no fear that a flood would ever reach it.

During the last days of September it began to rain, a hard, steady downpour. For four or five days the river rose slowly. Then as the floods from the tributary streams poured in, the rise became rapid. The Indians began to move to higher ground. "Big water come soon," they said; but we felt no uneasiness. By the sixth day the water was up to the highest mark ever known. On the seventh day it rained harder than ever, and the river climbed over its banks.

By the morning of the eighth day the river was within the top of our mesa, and the roar of the flood could be heard for miles. Even as we watched, a wall of water came rushing down the La Plata, and it poured out into the San Juan, it forced that river back. In five minutes the water was racing over our mesa.

My family immediately fled through the storm to the higher ground, but a young man who was staying with us and myself determined to save a few things and stayed to collect them. When we came out on the porch we were too late. A wall of muddy water was rushing across the mesa, and eating into the soft earth as if it were sugar. At the sight, my companion lost his head. Sinking to his knees, he covered his face with his hands, and the next moment the flood swept over him. His body was never found.

As the flood struck the porch, I clung to one of the posts to keep from being swept away. A good-sized log came floating by. I made a desperate plunge, reached it, and was borne rapidly across the mesa toward the cliffs on the opposite shore. Before I had gone two hundred yards, I saw our house crumble and fall.

In a few minutes the current swept me into the Narrows, where the waves, caused by the rough, rocky bed of the river, were ten or fifteen feet high. My log was tossed about like a chip, and I was pounded and bruised from head to foot.

About three miles below, the river widened, and my log floated out over what had been a low flat, on which grew some tall cottonwoods. Through their branches the water ran like a mill-race. As I drifted by, the branches of a huge cottonwood literally tore me from my log. I caught hold of a limb, and so climbed up out of the flood.

Once in the tree, I felt comparatively safe. In spite of the heavy downpour, many of the Indians and whites from the agency had collected on the bluffs opposite, but they could not help me. The river continued to rise, and one after another the big cottonwoods were torn out by the roots, and went tumbling down-stream. My friends on the bluff gave me up for lost. I could see them kneel in the mud, with the rain beating on their bared heads, and even above the roar of that awful flood I heard them singing.

By two o'clock half of the cottonwood-trees were gone and I knew my tree might go at any minute. Logs, outbuildings and bridge timbers were constantly floating by, but none came close enough for me to take refuge on it. I took off most of my clothing, and waited for my chance. By and by, a bridge timber about fourteen inches square and twenty feet long came floating in my direction; it had to pass within a few yards. Jumping from the cottonwood, I struck out, and just managed to catch it.

It was a well-seasoned stick, and made a splendid raft. For three miles I had little trouble, for the river was a mile wide and not very swift or rough. Then the valley narrowed to another canon, through which

the river roared angrily. I could see the muddy waters curl over from the rocky wall, like the earth from the mold-board of a giant plow.

In we plunged, and in a moment my timber was tossing about like a cork. I wrapped my arms and legs about it, and clung to it with all my strength. Sometimes I was on top—again I was beneath it. Then we would both be under water for fifty feet. Several times the timber stood almost on end, and once it turned a complete somersault; but when it struck the water, I was on the upper side! Then a big tree, caught in the current, reared up and turned over, and its branches pounded me till I almost became unconscious.

I was fast losing my strength, and was so dizzy I could hardly see, when we shot out of the Narrows. The river spread out again over the ranches of the lower valley, and my timber somehow got out of the main current into smoother water. The thought of escape spurred me to a final effort. I paddled with my arms and legs, and turned the timber toward the bank. Soon I was in such shallow water that two Indians waded in, lifted me from the timber, and carried me ashore.

The Emperor's Barber.

"By the grace of God I was born a gentleman; but I act the prince as little as possible," was a favorite saying of Emperor Joseph II. Whether his humility was sincere or not, he certainly laid aside his dignity of station whenever he could also lay aside his duties as ruler of the Holy Roman Empire.

In "*Av Couchant de la Monarchie*," the Marquis de Segur tells of one occasion when the Emperor went to France to visit his sister, Queen Marie Antoinette. The Parisians, accustomed to the luxury and magnificence of the court at Versailles, were astonished at the extreme simplicity that Joseph II affected.

He preferred not to be recognized as emperor at all, and traveled, with one or two gentlemen, or alone, under an assumed name. Once his quick wit alone saved his incognito.

He had stopped for the night at an inn, and in the morning was shaving before a small glass, while the landlord's daughter held a basin of water for him. Something about the man or his belongings had roused the girl's curiosity and suspicion, for presently she asked in a respectful voice:

"Are you not connected with the court, or in the service of the emperor?"

Joseph, who saw what her questions might lead to, replied quickly:

"Why, certainly, my dear girl; how did you guess it? I shave him."

His ready answer—which did not pass the bounds of truth—lulled the girl's suspicions completely.

COLORS GLASSES.

The wearing of spectacles to protect the eyes from the glare of the sun is a very old custom. The natives of the far northern regions long ago invented spectacles of wood, with a very narrow slit in the center, to diminish as far as possible the continual snow-glare of the long arctic day; and it is said that the Emperor Nero, who was an albino, and whose eyes were therefore very sensitive to light, used amethysts or emeralds to shield his eyes. To-day the use of tinted glasses is very common; but unless the glasses are wisely chosen, more harm than good may result.

In the first place, the shape of the glasses is often wrong. Curved or "toric" glasses ought not to be worn except by direction of an oculist, for they are irregularly refractive, and sometimes cause a great deal of eye-strain. Unless tinted glasses are made especially from an oculist's prescription, they should be perfectly plane on both surfaces, and equally thick throughout.

The color of the glasses is also important. You will find both blue and smoked glasses in the shops, but both, especially the first, are open to objection. Colored spectacles are meant to shield the eyes from the actinic or chemical rays of the sun, but not to cut off the rays so that it will be hard to read or to see small objects. Blue glasses do not cut off the chemical rays at all, for those rays are at the violet end of the spectrum. Smoked glasses on the other hand, often cut off so much light that reading with them is like reading by twilight. Sometimes green glasses are worn; they are better than blue, but they are not wholly satisfactory. Red glass excludes the actinic rays completely, but it is dark, and red light is often irritating to the nervous system.

Yellow, or rather amber, glasses are much the best. They cut off almost all the chemical rays, admit light enough for easy vision. They make a dark day seem brighter, and often the glare on a sunny day. Unless the oculist prescribes some other color for a special purpose, wear "window-glass" spectacles of not too deep an amber color.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column, should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.
A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

With the weather of an ideal character for an Outing and Games, the affair given by the League of Elect Surds at Ulmer Park Athletic Field, last Saturday, drew an attendance of less than four hundred.

There was no good reason for the slim patronage given by other Societies of the Deaf on this occasion. The games were well advertised and planned; the medals and prizes were of high grade; and the reputation of the L. E. S. for orderly and enjoyable outings is well known and widely acknowledged.

However the financial outcome is on the right side, and the profit, while not so large as in former years, will enable the L. E. S. to continue its policy of giving public entertainments at stated periods during the year.

There are other picnics, by other organizations, scheduled for August—the picnic of the Lutheran Deaf at Clinton Park next Saturday; the Clarke Deaf-Mutes' A. A. at Ulmer Park on August 15th; and the Brooklyn Frats on the 29th of August—and it would be particularly pleasing if all the Societies gave each of them a boost. The deaf are too few in number to play against each other; they should unite and help each other.

Following is a list of the track and field games with the winners in each event.

Half Mile Run (School Boys) C. Olsen, first, time 3 minutes and 11 seconds; J. Nesgood, second, time 3 minutes and 13 seconds.

One Hundred Yards Dash, Handicap—Breslau, Scratch, first, time 9½ seconds; Rathem, second.

One Mile (School Boys)—C. Olsen, first, time 6 minutes and 6½ seconds; G. Tingberg, second, 6½ seconds and 6½ seconds.

One Mile Relay Race—This race was between the Clark A. A. and the Deaf-Mutes' Union League. It was expected that the All Stars and a team of Fanwood boys would enter, but at the last moment they all withdrew, leaving the Clark boys the sole entrant, therefore, the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, which was represented by a majority of its members, was induced to enter a team just for the sport of the thing and at the same time to entertain the crowd. The Clark boys always keep in training, and are always prepared, and were in their regulation athletic togs, while the Union League picked team were in their every-day clothes. One hundred yards handicap was allowed the Union League boys. But—as usual, the Clark boys won the race, and the Silver Cup that went with it. This makes the seventeenth trophy the Clark boys have won during the past eight years—seven cups they won at League of Elect Surds' Outings. The Clark boys' record for each lap is as follows: Fischer 1.04; Breslau 1.14; Isky 1.13; Rathem, 1.05. Total time for the mile, 4 minutes and 9 seconds.

Three Mile Run—Won by Wiemuth, 19 minutes and 15½ seconds; Blumenthal, 19 minutes and 20½ seconds.

The Running Broad Jump had more entries than the other events. First place was easily captured by Breslau, of the Clark boys, clearing exactly eighteen feet. The second place was very close between Breden and Radcliffe, first one then the other forging ahead. It finally went to Breden.

The ladies' race of fifty yards was won by Miss Valley, a pupil of the Fanwood School. Miss Ada Earnest captured second prize.

The ball throwing contest brought out a goodly number of young Misses, but Miss Earnest won, with Miss Valley a close second.

At eight o'clock, after the prizes were awarded to the winners, Chairman Capelli announced that Mr. Alex. L. Pach, of the firm of Pach Bros., had kindly donated a special prize of half a dozen photos, worth \$8.00, and that the committee had decided to award the prize to the best lady dancer. Miss Harrington won the prize. The judges were the members of Prof. Hilgeman's Orchestra.

Mr. Taub, during the day, solicited chances for drawings of four hand bags, and the winners turned out to be: Mr. Greenbaum, Miss Jacobs, Mr. Fischer and Mr. I. N. Soper.

The Officials of the Day were: Edwin A. Hodgson, Referee; Charles J. LeClerc, Starter; Thomas Francis Fox, Timer; Alexander Lester Pach, Judge; Arthur C. Bachrach, Judge; Marcus L. Keener, Judge; Max Miller, Clerk of Course.

The officers for 1914 of the League of Elect Surds are:—

GRAND RULER
EMANUEL SOUWEINE
DEPUTY GRAND RULER
THRO. I. LOUNSBURY
GRAND SECRETARY
CHARLES J. LECLERCQ, P. G. R.
GRAND TREASURER
EDWIN ALLAN HODGSON, P. G. R.
GRAND TILER
HENRY C. KOHLMAN

GRAND COUNCILORS
THOMAS FRANCIS FOX, P. G. R.
ANTHONY CAPELLI, P. G. R.
MAX MILLER

GRAND ALTERNATE
ALEXANDER L. PACH, P. G. R.

The Past Grand Rulers of the Surds are:—

EDWIN ALLAN HODGSON
THOMAS FRANCIS FOX
ALEXANDER L. PACH
CHARLES J. LECLERCQ
ANTHONY CAPELLI

The Honorary Members are:—

ENOCH HENRY CURRIER
WILLIAM E. HOY
DOUGLAS TILDEN
SIDNEY J. VAIL
HENRI GALLIARD
JOSEPH CHAZAL
R. V. DESPERRIERS
HENRY GENIS
FERNAND HAMAR
FELIX PLESSIS
EMIL MERCIER
HENRI MERCIER
WILLIAM E. HARRIS
FRANCIS MAGINN
ED. A. KLOFERSJOLD
GERHARD TITZE
LARS A. HAVSTAD
MARTIN CZEMPIN
*Deceased

The various Committees were:—

FLOOR MANAGER—
FRANCIS W. NUBOER
RECEPTION, ETC.—
EDWIN ALLAN HODGSON
THOMAS FRANCIS FOX
ALEXANDER L. PACH
CHARLES J. LECLERCQ
ISAAC NEWTON SOPER
MOSES HEYMAN
A. LINCOLN THOMAS
THEO. I. LOUNSBURY
SIMON KAHN
HENRY SCHURMAN
W. LACY WATERS
CHARLES H. COOPER
ARRANGEMENTS—
ANTHONY CAPELLI
MAX MILLER
HENRY C. KOHLMAN

A young lady missed her Brownie No. 2A camera, at the Outing of the League of Elect Surds at Ulmer Park Athletic Field, last Saturday. Finder will confer a favor by returning same to Chairman Capelli, School for the Deaf, Ft. Washington Avenue and W. 163d Street, and receive a reward.

The "Shore Dinner" of Brooklyn Division, No. 23, N. F. S. D., at the Kaiser Garden, Coney Island, on Saturday evening, July 25th, was attended by some fifty Frats, Non-Frats and Aux-Frats. Many of those attending spent the whole afternoon bathing in the surf, in order to build up an appetite and do justice to the "spread" that was to come in the evening. Others having to work during the afternoon, consoled themselves by fasting during the entire day.

It was surely a welcome moment when Toastmaster Shea raised his glass and bid all drink and be merry. The menu, judging from the way the plates were cleaned, was surely appreciated by all, and before the ice cream rolled around, everybody seemed to have had enough. The following, which was printed on handsome Menu cards, constituted the evening's dinner:—

Clam Broth	Butter Sauce
Steamed soft clams	Radishes
Soft shell crabs on Toast	Scallion Olives
Julienne Potatoes	Tartar Sauce
One-half Broiled Squab Chicken	Cresson
Compote	
Combination Salad	
Ice Cream	Cake Coffee

The table was arranged in the shape of an "H" with President Bowers and his staff, also their ladies, seated at the head, while Toastmaster Shea occupied the conspicuous or middle seat. The rest of the seating was arranged in alphabetical order.

After everyone seemed to be at ease, Bro. Shea arose and in a few brief but well spoken words, stated he hoped the "inner portion" was satisfied. It was the first time Brooklyn Division had ever invited ladies or non-Frats. He then followed with a brief eulogy on what No. 23 had done and what it hopes to accomplish.

Those following Bro. Shea told all sorts of stories, including many kind words for the N. F. S. D. and Brooklyn Division, and if it were not that the JOURNAL's composing staff is limited, we would gladly append.

The following, blushing, but cool enough to sign clearly, spoke in the order named:—

Pres. Bowers, Bro. Cosgrove, Bro. O'Brien, Bro. McLaren, Bro. Powell, Mr. Meinken, Bro. Graham, Bro. A. Hanneman, Bro. Elsworth, Mr. Majcherczyk, Bro. Pachter, Bro. Grutzmacher, Bro. E. Berg.

Then came the Aux-Frats, and of course many left the room or hid under the tables to avoid the most "embarrassing moments" of their lives, but Toastmaster Shea was finally able to corral Mrs. Frank A. Brown, who readily consented to speak a few words. Miss Frances Julian was the only other Aux-Frat brave enough to weather the storm. (Query—How do they expect to get the vote?)

The evening's pleasure and royal good time enjoyed by all, was accomplished solely through the untiring efforts of the Arrangement Committee, to whom all praise and credit is due. Committee—Harry

J. Powell, Chairman; John D. Buckley, A. C. Berg, E. C. Elsworth, F. Ecka, and H. Schurman.

Mr. Albert H. Kohlmetz, who was reported to be in St. Luke's Hospital and "quite low," is really at his home, 235 East 70th Street. He is totally blind, being able only to distinguish between light and darkness. Rev. Dr. Chamberlain administered Holy Communion at his home a few Sundays ago, at which were present Mr. and Mrs. Theo. I. Lounsbury and Mr. F. W. Meinken. Some time ago Mr. Kohlmetz was so weak and feeble that he had to be removed to a hospital, but after less than a week was taken back home, slightly stronger, but his condition does not betoken much hope. He is 71 years old, and besides blindness, tuberculosis of the glands render him every weak and hardly able to walk much. His dutiful son and daughter, both of whom work at McCree & Co.'s Department store, support him and prefer to have him near them than to have him taken to the Gallaudet Home, to which he has been bidden welcome. Mr. Albert H. Kohlmetz in his prime was a sharpshooter and won many prizes at shooting contests. His mother died at the age of 84 without needing eye-glasses. Mr. Kohlmetz had as good eye-sight. But one day about four years ago, he was hit squarely in the pupil of one eye by a pointed stick used by small boys in playing "cat." A year or so later a cataract developed. Treatment at one of the best hospitals seemed at first to help him, but later it was found necessary to remove that eye to prevent the other from "sympathizing." For a while it was thought the remaining eye was saved, but the good eye gradually lost its vision and since some months, Mr. Kohlmetz has been as good as blind, groping his way about, unable to read or even see the deaf-mute signs; unable to leave the house, the dreary long hours are to him like years, but he is momentarily happy when his children come in contact with him, which is only in the morning and evening. All honor to those two good children, Albert, junior, aged 21, and Amelia, 17, who have said that "as papa brought us up, we will care for him to the end." Mr. Kohlmetz is a cigarmaker by trade, but has not worked for over two years. He is one of the oldest members of the Cigarmakers' Union. He would be extremely glad to have any of his friends call on him at the address given above, preferably in the evening, so the doorbell can be answered by one of his children.

Last Sunday, (July 26th), Captain Earnst, deaf-mute, of Jersey City, who owns a motor boat, forty-two feet long and seven feet wide, named "Critic," piloted it to the grounds in front of Sandy Hook, and then drifted for fluke. It was a very fine fishing place. There were twelve deaf-mute fishermen aboard and every one came home with a nice mess of fish. Those who caught flukes are as follows: Messrs. Ed. Elsworth, of New York, 16 flukes; Fred Herring, 11 flukes; Fetscher, of New York, 9 flukes; Gotthainer, of Chicago, 5; John M. Black, 5; H. Hester, 3; Fred Bouton, 3; H. Powell, 2; J. Pavella, 1, and W. Schornstein, 1. H. Powell, who had never wet a line before, capturing the biggest fluke, which tied him for first prize with Mr. Elsworth. All of them enjoyed the fishing trip. They are talking of going fishing again in August.

Mrs. August Neiser (nee Josephine Goodman), a pupil at Fanwood over forty years ago, died on Tuesday, July 28th, after a month's sickness, at the hospital on Blackwell's Island. Her death probably was the after effect of a paralytic stroke, which occurred while she was working in the Bellevue Hospital laundry over one year ago. The funeral service was held at Campbell's Undertaking rooms, on West 23d Street, Thursday evening, July 30th. Rev. John H. Keiser officiated.

Mrs. Augusta Ekardt is mourning over the death of her beloved sister, Mrs. Eliza Schick, who died on Friday last, at the home of her daughter, in Newark, N. J., after a lingering illness. She was a noble and self-sacrificing woman, and a good and helpful friend to her deaf sister and children in their time of trouble during the years gone by.

Mr. F. R. Stryker is nearing the end of his globe-circling tour. He was in Switzerland during July, after visiting Berlin, Munich and other German cities. He will visit Paris and London before sailing for home on the Cecelie, which is due in New York on September 22d or 23d.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Haggerty, of Holyoke, Mass., en route home from Washington, D. C., were entertained Tuesday at the Pach apartment, 176th Street and Audubon Avenue, where a few friends gathered to wish the newly-weds prosperity and a life-long honeymoon.

Mr. W. H. Chambers of the Knoxville, Tenn., is spending a few weeks in New York, taking in the big ball games as has been his custom every two or three years. With a party of New York brother "Frats" he spent last Sunday on the ocean and they finished up the day at the Pach Apartment on Audubon Avenue.

After taking in the Utica Convention, Samuel Frankenheim started for Montana, making stop-overs at several cities on the way. He expected to return to New York inside two weeks.

Prof. Peter Hughes, of the Fulton, Mo., School for the Deaf, returned to New York from a trip to Montreal and Quebec, last week, and this week departed for his home in St. Louis.

Among the visitors at St. Ann's Church last Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Michael McMahon, of Canton, Ill. Their hearing daughter accompanied them.

Miss Mary Gorman, a supervisor at the Sioux Falls, N. Dak., School, is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Culmer Barnes for a few days.

Rev. Mr. Smielau conducted the morning service at St. Ann's Church last Sunday.

FANWOOD.

Miss Mary Muirhead, who began as tutor at the Institution in December, 1909, and on October 1st, 1911, became Matron, has resigned, on account of ill-health. She is succeeded by Miss Effie M. Beaver, Tutor-Matron in charge of the Kindergarten since September, 1913. Miss Muirhead will be much missed by the pupils and official personnel of the school. She was more than ordinarily efficient, and the service she rendered in an office involving wisdom, tact and responsibility, entitle her to praise for faithfulness and care. After a month or so spent at the seashore, she contemplates going to the middle west. Wherever she may sojourn, may good luck be her constant companion.

Ellen Wall, curator of the Contagious Hospital since May, 1909, has resigned. She has given most faithful service in a trying position, and carries with her the best wishes of all.

Miss Myra L. Barrager departed, for the remainder of the vacation, for Hancock, N. Y., on the 24th of July. She had been entertaining Miss Lauer, a teacher at the Rochester School and an old-time classmate at Fanwood, since school closed in June.

William Edwards, a tutor of the boys, has returned from a vacation of over a month, which he utilized by visiting his mother at the old homestead in Wales, England.

Chester C. Altenderfer, head tutor of the boys, began his vacation on the 30th of July. He will be back in time for the opening of the new school term in September.

Paul Spanner has returned to his duties, after a month of recreation. His eye is cleared for the coming campaign with tripod and camera, to depict the active life and important events on the campus during the ensuing year.

H. W. Davis, nightwatch for the past seven years, has severed his connection with the school. He will take unto himself a bride during the present month, and they will make their happy home in the tree-shaded city of Utica, N. Y.

Walter E. Kadel, one of this year's honor graduates, and winner of the Ida Montgomery Testimonial, was at Fanwood last Friday, accompanied by Cadet Captain William G. Lux. Mr. Kadel will become a Supervisor and Instructor of Military Drill at the Austin, Texas, Institution, at the beginning of the school term.

W. H. Chambers, of Tennessee, who is spending two weeks in this city, was a visitor at the Institution on Friday afternoon last.

Mrs. Culmer Barnes and her seven-year-old son brought Miss Mary Gorman to the Institution last Saturday morning. Miss Gorman is a supervisor at the South Dakota Institution, located at Sioux Falls.

John Mooney and A. Cahill, house and sign painters, were up here on Monday. They are looking for a job. Mooney was a Fanwood pupil thirty-seven years ago, but Cahill is a Westchester School graduate.

Harry Goldberg came up to visit his Alma Mater last Monday. He has been steadily employed as a printer since he graduated in 1913, and is now enjoying a vacation of two weeks. Mr. M. Heyman was also a caller on Monday.

Fanwood pupils were winners in three events at the outing and games of the League of Elect Surds, last Saturday. Charles Olsen won two medals, for being first in the half-mile and mile run, for school boys, respectively. Gonner Tingberg was a few inches behind him in the latter event. Miss Agnes Valley won a fine mesh bag for the dash of fifty yards for girls, and was second in the ball-throwing contest.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. R. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

August 1, 1914.—We are indebted to Mr. Harley Goetz for a copy of the Wapakoneta Daily News of July 27th, giving an account of Frank Hartard's injuries, who was run over by a train last Sunday. The young man, aged 24, was visiting his brother, Henry, at the school here, near the end of the term in June. They had previously attended one of the Wisconsin Day Schools, but as their parents had moved to this State, Henry was sent to this school last Fall. Their father, Stephen Hartard, is employed as a section hand on the Toledo & Ohio Central Railroad.

The young man left his home shortly after eight o'clock, and had gone west of town for a stroll. At the Dearborn Avenue crossing, in the rear of the Fair grounds, he was struck by the engine of the extra Sunday morning passenger train and hurled some distance. Both his limbs were broken a few inches above the ankles, compound fractures. In both legs the broken bones protruded from the flesh. The left leg is the most badly injured, the bones being broken in two places. Hartard also had two ribs, the fifth and sixth, broken in the left breast, and sustained various body bruises on elbows, knees and elsewhere, and a bad cut over the left eye that required three stitches to close.

The injured man rested fairly well Sunday night, and bids fair to recover, in spite of the fact that the injury to his breast caused hemorrhages shortly after the accident. He has been deaf and dumb, since suffering from an attack of spinal fever, when little more than a year old. No one saw the accident, or can tell just exactly how it occurred, save that Hartard must have been crossing the railroad or have passed on the track when struck. It is not believed that he stood on the crossing, as he had always been very careful about railroads, and had been standing still would doubtless have been apprised of the approach of the train by feeling the vibration. In that manner he can tell when a train passes, even though he does not see it. A few moments before the train passed, Cornell and Earl Lanning drove south across the track and met Hartard, walking toward the Fair Ground. When the train passed west they remarked concerning the number of cars in the train, and the fact that the whistle was not sounded for crossings and that the bell was not ringing. Vernon Collins and various other persons living in the neighborhood also stated that the locomotive bell or whistle was not sounded.

Probably twenty minutes after the passing of the train, William Lanning heard some one making an outcry and went to investigate, when he saw some one sitting on the ground about two rail lengths west of the crossing, on the south side, waving a handkerchief. As soon as Mr. Lanning ascertained that Hartard was injured, he quickly telephoned for the Siferd ambulance. He was removed to his father's home and surgeons summoned. Drs. Berlin, Campbell and Hoffman responded. Dr. Roy C. Hunter, the T. and O. C. company surgeon at this point, was in the country when the accident occurred.

Engineer Bob Smith, in charge of the locomotive that struck Hartard, knew nothing of the accident until after he reached St. Marys, and received a wire from Superintendent C. L. Gardner at Columbus, asking for particulars of the accident, after he was notified by Agent B. E. Henry. Engineer Smith and his firemen did not see Hartard on the crossing.

Score another for Rev. W. S. Eagleson in the nuptial knotting business. His latest services in that line were Monday evening, when Miss Marie Fritchie and Mr. Amos Donaldson took their vows before him, at his home, 84 North Ohio Avenue. Both were former pupils at the School. Next.

Mrs. William Mayer and children are near Wapakoneta, at the home of Mr. Mayer's parents, taking a vacation and getting fat on farm eats. Meanwhile Mr. Mayer is undergoing the torture of blood poisoning, as a result of a scratch on the middle finger of his right hand. The State Liability insurance department is compensating him while he is unable to work.

Mr. William W. King, in charge of the cabinet shop, has returned from his home in Pennsylvania, where he has been since the Staunton Convention, and will begin work today.

W. M. Kinkle left for Detroit, Saturday. His home, in the future, will be in Michigan, and it is likely he will attend the Flint School in the fall. He has been working at the school since the term closed in June.

A. B. G.

Edward Left was at Arrowhead Hot Springs, Cal., for ten days. He does not state whether he was there to take the famous mud baths, or was merely an onlooker.

PITTSBURGH.

Beautiful weather!
And a fine Outing at Edgewood Park!

Beautiful grounds!
The above were some of the inducements that brought a crowd of about one hundred and sixty to attend the fourth annual picnic under the auspices of the Pittsburgh Local Branch, P. S. A. D.

The Committee appointed by the various organizations in this city with one exception, worked in conjunction with the Branch Committee, and each committee was in charge of the different booths. It proved to be a good thing. Lemonade, sandwiches, coffee, ice cream, etc., were served on the grounds. In the afternoon a ball game was played between the "married men" and the "bachelors." The married men were defeated to the tune of 8 to 3, but they offered an excuse for their defeat the fact that the other team had a bunch of ringers (bachelors) and of the scarce of married men present who could play ball as it is played. A prize of a watermelon went to the bachs.

"Was it a happy day?"
"All and more!"
Was the attendance large?
Vast!

That's it!
And was it a success?
Knowing who was at the helm, it is superfluous to answer only in the affirmative. It was a succession of pleasurable features, terminating in a satisfactory result.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Geiffus, of Milwaukee, Wis., who stopped off in the city from their extended trip in the East, attended the picnic at Edgewood Park, Pa. They were shown through the buildings.

Mrs. Collins Sawhill and Mabel are now spending their vacation in Cleveland, O. Pity the lonesome Col!

Mrs. James C. Taylor, of North Side, who spent several months in the mountains at Mont Alto, Pa., for her health, returned home much improved to the delight of her many friends and relatives, especially to her husband and daughter. There was a rejoicing reunion in their house.

Henry Bades, instructor of shoe-making at the Edgewood School for the Deaf, does not feel like having three months' vacation, and hates the "enforced idleness." He is doing repair work in the line of plumbing at the School for the Deaf this summer.

The Pittsburgh Division, No. 36, N. F. S. D., held its strawberry festival recently. It was well attended by a large crowd, and the festival was a success. Ice cream, strawberries and cakes were sold.

Providence, R. I.

On July 25th the members of the Providence Division, No. 43, N. F. S. D., and a goodly number of their friends, sailed to Newport. On landing there they went to the home of Bro. John Cleary, where the rest of the morning was spent. In the afternoon the beach proved to be the magnet and all took a dip in the surf. An unique spectacle was witnessed in the evening. Miss Ruth Law, an aviatrix, who is flying at the beach daily, ascended with the frame of the biplane illuminated. It was a superb sight.

On Sunday morning walks were taken on the famous Cliff Walk, where the aristocracy of the country have their summer homes, surrounded by artistic and marvelously well-kept gardens. Each one seemed prettier than the preceding one.

After another trip to the beach in the afternoon, the homeward journey was begun. Some went back by boat, while others took the trolley.

On July 4th, John Lorimer met with an accident while trying to board an electric car. The conductor gave the signal to go ahead while Lorimer was on the running board. He fell to the street and received an ugly cut over his left eye and other minor cuts. Arthur Myers and Earl Gardener, who were with him, helped him home. At this writing Mr. Lorimer has fully recovered.

Owing to the fact that the 4th of July was followed by a Sunday, thus giving two successive holidays, the deaf here took some trips out of town.

Edward Vigeant went to Worcester, and Charles Williams took a trip to Lynn, Mass.

Charles Newburg, Earl Gardener, Arthur Myers and Fritz Ruckdeschel, went to Boston and attended the Frats' picnic, given at Oak Island, Revere. Harry Courtemanche spent a week's vacation in Lowell with a brother of his. Incidentally he visited Salem and brought back a lot of pictures, showing the havoc done by the fire.

George Thompson put in a fortnight's vacation in Utica, N. Y. Frederick Egan and Paul Bertrand visited New York on the 17th, and attended the Knights of De l'Epee outing at Ulmer Park.

F. J. A. R.

Hebert Gunner, of Chicago, is going to California early in September, to visit his mother during his vacation.

PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1838 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A post-card, dated July 23d, Venezia, was received from Mr. J. A. McIlvaine, Jr., on August 3d. "Greetings from sunny Italy" is the message sent. The friends of Mr. McIlvaine feel anxiety about him since the war broke out. Being on a tour with near relatives, he is in good company. But, like many others American tourists, who are marooned on the Continent, he is likely to experience the same inconveniences they do. Nobody can tell now, if he can return home in time to resume his duties as a teacher at Mt. Airy. He may either return earlier than he had intended to, or be detained later.

Mr. Otto Herold, also of the Mt. Airy School, is also in Europe, but his whereabouts are not known to us. Fear is felt that he may fare even worse than Mr. McIlvaine, for we believe he is abroad by himself.

Miss Ethel Partington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Partington, is in England at present, but, as she is with relatives, no fear is felt for her safety. She may now be compelled to stay abroad much longer than she desires to.

When Gifford Pinchot, Washington party nominee for United States senator, addressed the workmen of the great Diason saw-works at noon on Friday, July 31st, Washington Houston ploughed his way through the crowd and lustily cheered him and later was introduced and shook hands with him. He wrote to the candidate, "I'm glad to meet you. I'm a Roosevelt man." Pinchot smiled, of course.

John E. Haggerty and bride, of Holyoke, Mass., who were married on July 21st, were in Philadelphia from July 24th to the 27th. They made the trip to Philadelphia by boat. Mr. Haggerty is a member of the Holyoke Division, N. F. S. D. While here he called on Mr. Wm. L. Davis, President of the Philadelphia Division.

Among the visitors to All Souls' Church on Sunday, August 2d, were: Jonas Scherr of Baltimore, Md.; Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Divine. The former is a teacher in the Vancouver (Washington) School for the Deaf. They are on a visit to Mrs. Divine's parents here. Another visitor to the church was Mrs. Brightley, a member of St. Simeon's Church, this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Stevens and the latter's sister, Mrs. McKeehan, of Carlisle, Pa., spent several days in Atlantic City, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Fortescue returned last Friday from a two weeks' sojourn at Atlantic City. They stopped with the former's brother-in-law, who has a fine, large cottage there.

The next meeting of the Philadelphia Local Branch, P. S. A. D., will be held at All Souls' Parish House, on Saturday, August 15th.

Dr. A. L. E. Crouter has gone to Florida, for a few weeks.

Miss Jeanette King has returned from her vacation and resumed work at the Mt. Airy Institution.

Miss Elizabeth Stockton, of Camden, N. J., underwent an operation at the Homopathic Hospital about about two weeks ago. She is doing nicely at present.

Jacob Otto, of Altoona, is visiting the Warrington family in this city. Mr. Otto has been employed in the Pennsylvania Railroad shops for many years, and in a few years he will be entitled to retire on a pension.

Mrs. John Lynch, of Delaware, was a visitor here on Sunday.

Mrs. A. H. Rocap, wife of the late Frank H. Rocap, has gone to Atlantic City for the benefit of her health.

Cards have been sent out for the wedding of Miss Mary Gertrude Welsh to Mr. Walter Lester Breen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Breen. The ceremony will take place on Wednesday, August 13th, at St. Columbia's Church, 24th Street and Lehigh Avenue.

The monthly meeting of Philadelphia Division, No. 30, N. F. S. D., will be held at the usual place on Friday evening, August 7th. It may be the last meeting at this place.

See the program of the Pittsburgh Convention on the last page of the JOURNAL.

The weather so far has been rather favorable to the stay-at-homes this summer. While there have been some hot days, there has been plenty of cool weather.

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF MUTES.

NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday morning, until further notice, at 10:30 o'clock.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. Every Sunday, 3 P.M.

Lutheran Mission

St

NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

Napoleon Bonaparte was born at Ajaccio, Corsica, on the 15th of August, 1769.

When he was a very small boy, he often heard his father talk about battles, and he was always interested in them.

He had twelve brothers and sisters, and he liked to rule them, but he did not like to obey them at all.

He did not play much with other children, but liked to go off and play alone. His favorite place was a cave by the seashore. When he was three or four years old he had a little brass cannon that he kept there. It frightened his brothers and sisters, but he was not a bit afraid and loved to fire it.

Napoleon went to school first when he was six years old. He was not always neat about his clothes, and he often let his stockings hang down around his heels.

The boys made fun of him about this, and then he would show that he had a bad temper by picking up anything that was near him and throwing it at them.

Count Marboeuf was a friend of Napoleon's mother, and he thought that Napoleon was a very smart boy.

He sent him to a military school at Brienne, near Paris. Napoleon did not mingle much with the other students. He spent most of play-time in studying books and drawing maps instead of joining games.

In time he became one of the smartest boys in school. Arithmetic was his favorite study.

When he was young, he decided he wanted to be a soldier, and he read the stories of the lives of all the great heroes.

After Napoleon graduated at the school at Brienne, he went to another school at Paris and studied hard there.

Abbe Raynal, a man of Paris, thought that he was a wonderful boy, and he took him to his house where he met many noted people.

When Napoleon was sixteen, he joined the army and became a lieutenant at once. He was very small, and when he put on his uniform with epaulets and his big boots he looked so ridiculous that a lady friend laughed at him, but he did not mind.

A time came when the poor people of France were oppressed by the king and others over them.

They wanted to have a republic like the United States, so they rebelled.

They were wild and furious. Terrible things happened. There were so many people killed that blood flowed in the streets of Paris.

At last King Louis XVI, and his wife, Marie Antoinette, were executed at the guillotine, and thousands of others were guillotined.

A convention met to decide what to do. Napoleon was a member of it.

A mob of people who did not want any law started toward the convention, intending to break it up, but when Napoleon saw them coming he ordered the soldiers to shoot them. Several hundred of the mob were killed and the others fled.

A new government was established in France. A body of several men, called the directory, was at the head of affairs.

Napoleon was a member of the directory, and he commanded the army and governed the city.

There was a great famine in Paris and many of the poor people were starving. Napoleon put the city in order, and distributed wood and bread among the poor.

He did not forget his mother and the rest of the family, but sent them money enough to make them comfortable.

In a short time England, Austria and Italy went to war with France. Napoleon took 30,000 hungry, ragged troops to Italy, and met the Austrians and defeated them in 1796. He drove them away from Italy.

He led an army into Egypt and conquered it. Then he marched against the Turks and English in 1799 and was victorious. He destroyed the Turkish army and the English fled to their ships.

While he was fighting, the people of France began to have trouble again, so he returned and put things in right order once more.

The people were very proud of him, and they made him first consul of France, which was the highest office that they could give him.

He had other wars with the Austrians, English and Italians and won great victories.

He never seemed to be tired. He thought and planned very rapidly, and sometimes directed a million men in different parts of the world at the same time.

The French people almost worshipped him after his victories.

They made him Emperor of France in 1804. Great crowds of people assembled to see him crowned at the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

The people cheered him as he rode along, and five hundred musicians sang as he and Josephine walked up the aisle of the cathedral. Soon after this he went to Italy and was crowned there, too.

England, Austria, Russia and Sweden joined against France again. There were awful battles fought. The battle of Austerlitz was one of the most terrible. The

French gained the victory. More than 20,000 men were killed. In 1812 he invaded Russia. His army marched from Paris to Moscow. Moscow was a very beautiful city. Napoleon made his home in the czar's palace.

But the French did not stay long in Moscow. On the sixteenth of September the Russians set fire to the city. They could not endure the thought of the French having their beautiful home.

The fire was a very great one. It looked at if great waves of flames were going up to meet the sky. All the city was burned.

The French soldiers had to retreat. It was a terrible winter, and they retreated through intense cold and snow and winter storms. Thousands of them died from hunger and exhaustion and cold.

When Napoleon reached France he formed another army.

Nearly all of the countries of Europe joined against him. One million twenty-eight thousand men from Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Prussia and England formed one great army.

Napoleon tried to oppose them, but they were too many for him to conquer.

The enemies entered Paris and Napoleon was compelled to abdicate. He was sent in exile to Elba, but the next year he escaped.

His old friends flocked to him again and he formed another army.

They met the English army at Waterloo. Wellington commanded the English. Napoleon's army fought desperately and almost won the battle, but a German army under Blucher joined Wellington, and together they conquered the French.

Napoleon was taken by the English on a ship to the Island of St. Helena. This is a lonely, rocky island. He saw only a few friends.

At last one night in May, 1821, he died during an awful storm.

Nineteen years afterward the French people wanted to do honor to his memory. His body was brought from St. Helena and taken to the Church of the Invalides in Paris, and placed in a magnificent mausoleum.

Napoleon was one of the greatest soldiers that ever lived, and he was a wise statesman and a man of wonderful mind.—*Mirror*.

In the Days of the Commune.

The days of the Paris Commune in 1871 were days of tragedy. Occasionally, however, an incident like that described in *Tagliche Rundschau* lightened, if only momentarily, the gloom in the hearts of the citizens of Paris.

One evening a rumor spread that news of a battle was posted in the Rue Drouot. Immediately a throng of excited citizens who lived in the neighborhood crowded into the street. They had not advanced far, however, when a cordon of soldiers stopped them and refused to allow anyone to pass.

Soon Arthur Ranc, the mayor of the district, appeared. But the soldiers, who were from another part of the city, did not recognize the official, and refused to let him through.

"No one may pass here without permission from the mayor," the sergeant declared, in answer to the angry remonstrances of Ranc.

"But I am the mayor!" cried Ranc.

The mob of a Parisian crowd has always been very capricious. A moment before, the citizens had been murmuring angrily at what they considered an affront to their mayor; now suddenly, the humor of the situation struck them, and they laughed gleefully.

That did not increase Ranc's patience. "I am the mayor," he cried, "and I will go by!"

But still the soldier's bayonet barred the way. "Quite possibly you are the mayor," said the sergeant, "but orders are orders, and no one passes here without an order signed by Mayor Ranc."

Quickly the mayor took his notebook from his pocket, tore out a sheet of paper, and scribbled the words:

Have the goodness to pass me.

The Mayor: Ranc.

Smiling triumphantly, he waved the note to the crowd, and then handed it to the sergeant. The latter scratched his head thoughtfully; but he could not deny the authority of the signature. The guns that barred the way were lowered, and, amid the cheers of the crowd, Mayor Ranc passed up the street.

Soon the laughter died away, and the mob, once more sullen and depressed, settled down to wait for news of the battle.

THE MOVIES.

An actual photograph of Cromwell's Ironsides in action would beat all the ideas of all the idealistic artists who paint such scenes.

A real "movie" of Napoleon's Old Guard, with Ney and his brethren sword at their head, lunging up the slope at Waterloo would be worth 50 Raphaels.

And yet we are with genuine films reproduced in newspapers, showing battles in Mexico as they are fought.

Man is doing his level best to let nothing perish. A talking machine 200 years hence will be repeating

the voices of Colonel Roosevelt, Secretary Bryan and the Kaiser. The motion pictures will be flashed upon canvas to show future peoples just how things in 1914, were done and who were doing them.

Had that event which transpired over 49 years ago at Appomattox happened to-day we should soon see in every theatre General Lee ride up on his white horse Novella to negotiate for the surrender of an army to General Grant.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

To get the most out of the year we must put the most into it. And we must put the most into it by living in a spirit earnestness; doing with our might what our hands find to do, not trifling with our golden hours, but receiving such a precious gift from God.

United States—Territorial Growth

Original Territory—843,255 square miles—from Great Britain by Treaty of Paris, September 3, 1783.

Louisiana Territory—891,405 square miles—purchased from France by Treaty, April 30, 1803, for \$15,000,000.

Florida Province—58,666 square miles—purchased from Spain by Treaty, February 22, 1819, for \$5,000,000.

Oregon Country—285,336 square miles—by discovery, 1792; exploration, 1805-06; settlement, 1811, and treaties: with France, 1803; Spain 1819; Russia, 1825; Great Britain, 1846.

Texas Annexation—389,752 square miles—by Joint Resolution of Congress, March 2, 1845. In 1850, Texas relinquished to the United States all her territorial claims to New Mexico for \$10,000,000.

First Mexican Cession—527,122 square miles—by conquest and purchase from Mexico for \$15,000,000 by Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, February 2, 1848.

Second Mexican Cession—31,253 square miles—purchased from Mexico for \$10,000,000 by Gadsden Treaty, December 30, 1852.

Alaska—590,884 square miles—purchased from Russia, March 30, 1867, for \$7,200,000.

Hawaiian Islands—6,449 square miles—annexed by Joint Resolution of Congress, July 6, 1898.

Recent Spanish Cessions—Port Rico, 3,435 square miles; Philippine Islands, 115,026 square miles; Guam, 210 square miles—by Treaty of Paris, December 10, 1898, and by payment to Spain of \$20,000,000.

Samoa, Tutuila and adjacent isles—77 square miles—by convention with Great Britain and Germany, December 2, 1899.

Panama Canal Zone—474 square miles—by convention with the Republic of Panama, February 26, 1904, and payment of \$10,000,000, and an annuity of \$250,000 from 1912 on.

Total Area U. S.—main body, 3,026,789 square miles; outlying territory, 716,555 square miles—grand total, 3,743,344 square miles.

Amount paid for acquisitions of territory—\$92,200,000.

NO HURRY.

To the natives of Central America time is of very small importance. The word *manana*—to-morrow—is the key-note of their existence; nothing need be done to-day. A little of this spirit was in a good-humored New Mexico Indian that Mr. Charles F. Saunders tells about in his book, "The Indians of the Terraced Houses." He had picked up the Quakerish name of Edward Hunt, and enough American ways to make him think that his little store at the foot of the Ancoma cliffs would be a profitable vehicle in which to make the journey of life.

To him, says the author, we unfolded our plan of spending a few days up in the pueblo village, and we asked him, if he could help us to rent a house. No, he thought no one had any, and smiled genially. Then, seeing our disappointment, he added:

"Well, you eat your lunch, and I guess I have to go with you people pretty soon up the mesa, and look around. You wait a while. Pretty soon I come again." With that he disappeared into the recesses of his little adobe dwelling.

We ate our luncheon in leisurely fashion, then had a bit of siesta, and finally went to look for Edward. Through the door of his house he was discovered in the midst of his family, changing his shirt. He smiled at us benignantly, and remarked:

"You wait. Pretty soon I come." We waited—twenty-five minutes by the watch. At the end of that time he came out and glanced round the store, picked up a large gray sombrero adorned with a magnificent hatband, set it carefully on his raven locks, viewed himself in a square inch or two of mirror that hung behind the door, took one more last slow look about, went into the next room, patted one of the children on the head, and then, stepping forth into the sunlight, observed, as if we had been keeping him waiting:

"You ready? Let's go."

Rev. B. B. Allabough's Appointments

(1125 Detroit Ave., Lakewood, Ohio)
MID-WESTERN DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

Dioceses: Pittsburg, Ohio, Southern Ohio, Indianapolis, Michigan, Lexington, Kentucky.

St. Margaret's Mission—Trinity Episcopal Church, Sixth Avenue, Pittsburg. Mr. F. A. Leitner, Lay Reader. Bible Class, 7 p.m. every Sunday. Services 7:45 p.m. every Sunday.

St. Philip's Mission in the Beaver Valley, Pa. Mr. Collins S. Sawhill, Lay Reader. Services once a month, subject to notice. Beaver Falls, New Brighton, Rochester and Beaver by turns.

All Saints' Mission—Trinity Church, cor. Third and Broad Streets, Columbus, O. Mr. C. W. Charles, Lay Reader. Services, 10:30 a.m. every Sunday.

Southern Dioceses.

REV. O. J. WHILDIN, General Missionary, W. 1436 Lanvale St., Baltimore, Md.

PRINCIPAL MISSION STATIONS.

Baltimore—Grace Chapel, Park Ave. and Monument St. Services and Bible Class meetings every Sunday, 3:30 p.m. Washington, D. C.—St. Barnabas Mission, Church of the Good Shepherd, 6th and I Sts., N. E. Rev. H. C. Merrill, Assistant. Services and Bible Class meetings every Sunday, 11 a.m.

Wheeling, W. Va.—St. Elizabeth's Church for the Deaf, Mr. J. C. Bremer, Lay Reader. Services every Sunday, 3 p.m. Durham, N. C.—St. Philip's Church, Bible Class meetings, every Sunday, 9:30 a.m. Miss Robina Tillingshast, Parish Visitor. Services, every Sunday, 3 p.m. Mr. Roma Fortune, Lay-Reader.

New Orleans, La.—St. Paul's Church, Camp and Galine Streets, Mr. H. L. Tracy, Lay-reader. Services monthly.

The General Missionary visits the above and numerous other stations in the South upon special occasions, and is appointed and locally made known. The Missionary will be glad to confer with any one desiring to assist in the work of the Mission.

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF BOSTON, MASS.

(The Oldest "Old Line" Co. in the U. S.)

MAKES ABSOLUTELY NO DISCRIMINATION AGAINST DEAF-MUTES IN ANY WAY WHATEVER.

ALL POLICIES PARTICIPATE IN ANNUAL DIVIDENDS AND HAVE INCREASING CASH SURRENDER VALUES, ETC.

A Life-Insurance premium is NOT expense, and you are not paying something for nothing. You are SAVING MONEY, and Insurance is taking care of it for you. We make no special plea; this is business done in a business-like manner. Each one pays his share, and does so, because it is for his interest to do so. Think it over!

INSURE NOW BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE! IN YEARS TO COME, YOU OR YOUR LOVED ONES WILL BE THANKFUL!

For sample policy and full information write or see our Sole Eastern Special Agent for deaf-mutes.

MARCUS L. KENNER

200 WEST 111TH STREET
New York

Notice to New Englanders.

The Board of Directors of the New England Gallaudet Association has cast a mail vote, with the result that the next Convention of the Association will be held in Portsmouth, N. H., September 7th and 8th, 1914. The following day (September 9th) will as usual be devoted to some pleasure excursion. Full particulars will be published in the JOURNAL later.

FANNIE P. KIMBALL
Sec'y N. E. G. A.
85 Spring Street,
Portland, Me.

"GREATEST OF ALL"

THIRD ANNUAL

PICNIC AND GAMES

under the auspices of the

Clark Deaf-Mutes' Athletic Association

to be held at

ULMER PARK, (ATHLETIC FIELD,) BROOKLYN

Saturday afternoon and evening, August 15, '14

Tickets - 25 Cents

MUSIC BY PROFESSOR SWEYD

Baseball game between All Stars and Hudson Guild starts at 2 P.M. for a loving cup. The following events are open to all athletes, except the CLARKS Entrance fee for each is 15 cents. Prizes—Gold medal to first and silver medal to second in each event:

220 YARDS DASH THREE-QUARTER MILE RUN
TWO AND HALF MILE RUN

This event is open to ALL the athletes. Prizes—Gold medal to first, silver medal to second, and bronze medal to third. Entrance fee is 25 cents.

12 LB. SHOT PUT

Handsome prizes will be awarded to the winners, seconds and thirds in the following events. No entrance fee will be charged: Married Men's 100 Yards Dash, Men's Horse Saddle Race, Ladies' Ball Throwing, and Ladies' Hopping Race.

TUG-OF-WAR (a team of six men)—Entrance fee of each team is \$1.00. Silk Banner with gold bordered letters and gold plated eagle awarded to winner.

All entries should be sent to Ludwig Fischer, 839 Second Avenue, New York, on or before August 15th.

NEW JERSEY.

Tenth Bi-Annial Convention of the N. J. Association of the Deaf.

TRINITY CHURCH, PARISH HOUSE, RECTOR STREET, NEWARK, N. J.

Labor Day, September 7.

Morning session at 10 A.M.
Afternoon session at 1:30 P.M.

Programme announced at opening of Convention.

Re-organization and Broadening of the Association's usefulness is the paramount issue.

Members will please pay dues early, receive badges, and be eligible to vote at business meeting.

As it is impossible to reach all members because of change of addresses, readers of this announcement will please spread the report.

Visitors cordially invited to attend.

Hall is two minutes' walk from Hudson and Manhattan Station. Bloomfield, Paterson & Central cars run from Pennsylvania Railroad, Market Street Station to Rector Street.

I. R. BOWKER, President.
D. SIMMONS, Secretary,
132 Irving Street,
RAHWAY, N. J.

BONDS FOR INVESTMENT.

The fundamental principles governing sound investment are safety of principal, income return, marketability and distribution of risk. The wise investor divides his funds among issues varied in character and location.

We shall be glad to mail, on request, a selected list of municipal, railroad, public utility and industrial bonds, offering investments in various parts of the United States and Canada.

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM
18 WEST 107TH STREET
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OF
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COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS.

WILLIAM GREENBAUM, Chairman
ISIDORE BLUMENTHAL
LOUIS BLUMENTHAL
LEOPOLD BRESLAUER

LUDWIG FISCHER
WOLF SCHULMAN
JOE ZEISS

WATCH THIS SIDE

FOR

Brooklyn Division,
No. 23 N. F. S. D.

PICNIC AND GAMES

—AT—
ULMER PARK ATHLETIC FIELD

ON
Saturday Afternoon and Evening, August 29, 1914

MUSIC BY PROF. VAN BAAR

COMMITTEE:

Harry Leibsch, Chairman
A. J. McLaughlin, Max M. Lubin
John Bohman, Jacob Landau
Herman Flapinger, A. C. Berg

TICKETS, - - - 25 CENTS

Directions—Take "West End" Elevated Line from the Manhattan Terminal of Brooklyn Bridge and get off at Ulmer Park, and walk about one block.

THIRD ANNUAL

OUTING & PICNIC

under the Auspices of the

Guild of St. Matthews
Lutheran for the Deaf

—AT—
CLINTON PARK CASINO

Creek Street and Maspeth Avenue,
Maspeth, L. I.

Saturday Afternoon,
August 8th, 1914

Admission, . . . 15 cents

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